

# STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

## PORT ROYAL

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### The Teetotal Mill.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an inn,  
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin.  
Said one to the other: "I tell you what, Bill,  
I've been hearing to-day of the teetotal mill."  
"You must know that this comical mill has  
been built  
Of old broken casks when the liquor's been  
spilt;  
You go up some high steps, and when at the  
mill,  
You've a paper to sign at the teetotal mill.  
"You promise by signing this paper, I think,  
To abstain from wine and spirits you never will drink;  
You gave up (as they call it) such rascally  
swill,  
And then you go into the teetotal mill.  
"There's a wheel in the mill they call self-  
denial,  
They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;  
Old durns are made new, and, if you've been  
ill,  
You're very soon cured at the teetotal mill."  
Bill listened and wondered; at length he cried:  
"Way, Tom, if it's true what you're telling  
about,  
What fools we must be to be here sitting still—  
Let us go and we'll look at the teetotal mill."  
They gazed with amazement; then came in a  
man,  
With a book and disease his visage was wan;  
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge with a  
will,  
And went in for a turn in the teetotal mill.  
He quickly came out the picture of health,  
And walked briskly on the highway to wealth;  
And as onward he pressed, he shouted out  
still:  
"Success to the wheel of the teetotal mill."  
The next that went in were a man and his wife,  
For many long years they'd been living in  
strife;  
He had beat and abused her and swore he  
would kill,  
But his heart took a turn in the teetotal mill.  
And when he came out, how altered was he!  
Steady, honest and sober—how happy was  
she?  
They no more contend, "No you shant";  
"Yes, I will."  
They were blessing together the teetotal mill.  
Next came a rough fellow, as grim as a Turk,  
To curse and to swear seemed his principal  
work;  
He swore that that morning "his skin he  
would fling."  
And drunk as he was he roared into the mill,  
And what he saw there he never could tell;  
But his conduct was changed, and his lan-  
guage was well;  
And when he had turned round the brow of  
the hill,  
He knelt and thanked God for the teetotal  
mill.  
The poor were made rich, the weak were made  
strong,  
The shot was made short and the purse was  
made long;  
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,  
At length they went in for a turn on the mill.  
A little while after I heard a great shout;  
I turned round to see what the noise was  
about;  
A flag was conveyed to the top of the hill,  
And a crowd, among which were Thomas and  
Bill,  
Were shouting: "Hurrah for the teetotal  
mill!"

### HARD TIMES.

#### THE CAUSE AND CURE.

Charlie.—Well, little wife, got on your  
thinking cap, eh, instead of welcoming  
your tired and discouraged husband  
home after a hard day's work doing  
nothing in the store?  
Maggie.—Yes, Charley, your com-  
plaints about hard times have been run-  
ning in my head ever since dinner, and  
I have gone into a calculation.  
Charlie.—A calculation! well, my  
sweet, mathematical financier, can you  
show me how we are going to live this  
year, with the fall of fifty per cent,  
and twenty per cent of the bills that  
we do make gone to the dogs?  
Maggie.—Perhaps I can, by-and-bye,  
but I have just finished a general esti-  
mate of what might be done to cure the  
hard times.  
Charlie.—Better yet! Come, lassie,  
out with the figures, and I will have  
them posted on the bulletin, and quot-  
ed on "Change" before nine o'clock to-  
morrow morning.  
Maggie.—Don't be sarcastic, Charlie;  
there may be more sense in this "goose  
head," as you sometimes call it, than  
you think.  
Charlie.—All right. Proceed to busi-  
ness.  
Maggie.—Well, first, I must "pre-  
liminate," as Pars-o-B says, that hard  
times come from waste.  
Charlie.—Our Bridget's waste, for  
example!  
Maggie.—Be quiet, please, and do  
not interrupt the speaker.  
Charlie.—By gosh, pardon. I am all at-  
tention.  
Maggie.—In the United States, in  
1870, \$1,500,000,000 worth of intoxicat-  
ing drinks and \$610,000,000 worth of  
tobacco were consumed; the expendi-  
tures for licentiousness were as much  
more, giving a total of \$4,220,000,000  
wasted in the gratification of three appet-  
ites. Suppose this sum was saved. It  
would give to each of the 8,000,000  
families in our land a free rental of \$200  
four barrels of flour at \$7—\$28; one  
barrel of pork, \$22; one barrel of beef,  
\$13; six barrels of potatoes at \$2—\$12;  
three barrels of apples at \$4—\$12; 100  
pounds of sugar at thirty-cents, \$30;  
forty pounds of butter at thirty-five cents,  
\$14; one suit of clothes for the father,  
\$50; one suit of clothes for the mother,  
\$45; three suits of clothes for the children  
at \$25—\$75; annual premium on a  
life insurance policy of \$1,500, \$47.  
Total, \$526 for each family, still leaving  
\$8,500,000 surplus unexpended.  
Charlie.—Maggie, you astound me!  
You have surely made some great mis-  
take!  
Maggie.—Well, run over the figures  
for yourself. You are no more sur-  
prised than I was, but I can find no  
error in the calculation. The amount of

liquor and tobacco consumed is as  
officially reported in the United States  
census. The estimate of the amount  
wasted in licentiousness is my own, but  
certainly far within the truth. Now, if  
we could have our proportion of those  
articles given to us this year, I think  
that we might live comfortably, even  
with the diminished trade. Certainly if  
all this amount were saved but for a  
single year, the hard times would vanish.  
Charlie.—You're a jewel, wife! If  
by hard times are to remain until men  
cease their indulgences, I fear that pros-  
perity is very far off. As for myself, I  
can give up my wine without much self-  
denial, but my cigars have become a  
necessity!  
Maggie.—Oh, Charlie, don't say that!  
It makes me shudder; not that smoking  
is so very distasteful to me, but your  
plea of necessity looks so like a surren-  
der of manliness to the power of an evil  
habit.  
Charlie.—Well, to my sorrow, I must  
confess that whenever I have attempted  
to break off the habit has flooded me,  
and I have come out second best every  
time.  
Maggie.—Perhaps you did not try in  
the right way.  
Charlie.—I just tossed my cigar into  
the street, and said I wouldn't use an-  
other, and didn't until I lost my appet-  
ite, trembled all over like a leaf, lost  
my power of recollection, and really  
thought I would go crazy, or break  
down in a general collapse, then I took  
the weed and was soon all right again.  
Maggie.—Did you crave it all that  
time?  
Charlie.—"Crave it!" I was stark  
mad for it; dying for want of it.  
Maggie.—Have you never heard of a  
method of cure, perfectly painless, in-  
stantaneous, and so complete that the  
craving never is felt.  
Charlie.—Bosh! there isn't a medi-  
cine on earth that will do all that.  
Maggie.—But suppose that a number  
of credible witnesses testify that they  
have been personally cured in that way?  
Charlie.—If they are really credible  
witnesses, and testify to acts in their  
own experience, I suppose they must  
be believed, but I should want to cross-  
examine them pretty closely first.  
Maggie.—They will not object, and,  
if agreeable to you, we will invite one  
of them, Mr. B., to tea to-morrow, when  
you can quiz him all you like.  
Charlie.—All right; but now let us  
have some tea to-night, after which I  
will enjoy my Havana (of those terrible  
statistics will keep out of my head), in  
anticipation of the marvelous revela-  
ments of to-morrow.  
\* \* \* \* \*

(Charlie, Maggie and Mr. B. seated at  
the table.)  
Maggie.—Have your cup filled, Mr.  
B.  
Mr. B.—No, thank you. Since I was  
cured of my tobacco habit, I feel less in  
need of stimulants than formerly, hence  
rarely take more than a single cup of  
tea.  
Charlie.—That wouldn't serve me at  
all. My thirst calls for a greater quan-  
tity than that.  
Mr. B.—Perhaps not so much thirst  
is the cry of suffering nerves for stimu-  
lants under the depressing influence of  
the narcotic in your cigars.  
Charlie.—Well, whatever it be, an-  
other cup, Maggie, please; and now,  
Mr. B., will you have the kindness to  
tell us about that wonderful cure?  
Mr. B.—With pleasure. The story is  
very short. I had been a slave to tobacco  
in various forms for many years.  
Had striven in vain to break off the  
habit, taken various substitutes, but  
judging of my condition by the impera-  
tiveness of the craving, I was more en-  
thralled than ever. That thought  
alarmed me; then, too, I resented the  
implied impeachment of my manhood,  
and at last resolved that, come what  
might, I would sometime give up its  
use. But the terrific strain of former  
years, while in this state, I casually  
mentioned my purpose and dread to an  
old friend who had been converted not  
long before, and had abandoned all his  
bad habits together, when he surprised  
me beyond measure by exclaiming:  
"Why, B., it's all useless to have any  
lord about the thing. Just go to the  
Lord Jesus on your knees and ask Him,  
not merely to help you to abstain, but  
also to keep you from craving for it,  
and He'll do it! I know He will, for I  
tried it, and have never had a desire for  
it since. Just the same with the desire  
for strong drink. He swept the board  
before me. I've been a free man ever  
since. Glory to His blessed name!"  
The earnestness and sincerity of my  
friend affected me, and I at once caught  
the inspiration of the hope. I laid my  
tobacco quietly on the shelf in plain  
sight, sought a place of retirement, and  
there on my knees asked God to take  
away the appetite, and believed that he  
would do it immediately. I felt no  
change beyond a consciousness of trust  
in Him to keep me, and returned to my  
seat; the sight of my tobacco kindled no  
desire, and I have had none since. The  
victory was perfectly easy, and grandly  
complete.  
Charlie.—Well, I've left the pious of  
the household pretty much to the desire  
of mine, but if that's what the Lord  
does for those who trust Him, I'll take  
some stock in that concern before it  
rises on the market.  
Mr. B.—It is "without money and  
without price," salvation "unto the  
utmost," and "now is the accepted time."  
Was not Charlie's decision, though  
quaintly expressed, wisely made?

### The First One.

Some time ago, at a convalesce at a hotel,  
generals, majors, etc., were each,  
with much declamation, giving an account  
of an incident of the war. A quiet man  
stood by, and at last said:  
"Gentlemen, I happened to be there,  
and perhaps might be able to refresh  
your memories as to what took place,"  
and he gave, succinctly and inoffensively,  
an exact detail of a smart action.  
The hotel keeper said to him: "Sir,  
what might have been your rank?"  
"I was a private," was the reply.  
"Next day the quiet man, as he was  
about to depart, asked for his bill.  
"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," an-  
swered the proprietor. "You are the  
very first private I ever met."

### Up the Rocky Mountains.

We leave Denver, says a traveler, for  
a short stay among the Rocky moun-  
tains, bound first for Central City.  
After riding for about an hour, we  
change cars on a narrow gauge railroad,  
and from this point the scenery is of the  
very wildest description. The road it-  
self, built as it is along the banks of  
streams, and through cuts in the solid  
rock which now rises so high above  
your head, that it almost seems to be  
a tribute to man's superiority to the  
obstacles nature has placed in his way.  
As we stop a minute before a very  
steep ascent, I go forward and ask  
permission of the engineer to ride by his  
side, believing that one cannot obtain  
an adequate view of the magnificent  
scenery through which we are about to  
pass while sitting in the cars. The en-  
gineer, however, says that, as the road  
is narrow gauge, the cab is only just big  
enough for himself and the fireman.  
"But," says he, "many Eastern men  
ride up this canyon on the cowcatcher."  
After assuring me that it is perfectly  
safe, as he can be seen from a distance  
of several miles, he places a broad board  
on the cowcatcher, and, when I have taken  
my seat, with my hand firmly grasping  
the signal flag, the engine gave a shrill  
whistle, and off we start. For the first  
five minutes I really enjoy my novel  
manner of locomotion. "This," said I,  
"is the very place of all others from  
which to view the mountains!—to be  
pushed slowly up the gorge with nothing  
before you on the track, a towering  
mass of rocks on the one hand, and on  
the other, far below, a quickly flowing  
stream, hissing and gurgling over stones  
and fallen trees and old mill wheels.  
I begin to speculate as to what will hap-  
pen to me, if getting a little dizzy, I leap  
off the engine. If I spring aside to the  
right, I shall be crushed between the  
train and the towering rock; if I jump  
to the left, I shall be dashed to pieces  
on the stones of the stream far below.  
The result will be the same in either  
case—death. Still, the quickly throbbing  
engine pushes me on. As we pass  
through a village the inhabitants turn  
out and stare at the engine, amazed at  
the novel figure head that it carries.  
The village is left behind; and we again  
alone, making our way up the canyon;  
the hot breath of the engine stifles me,  
the continual swaying from side to side  
affects my head; I call aloud to the en-  
gineer, but the sound of my voice is  
lost in the roar of the wheels. I  
drowned in the sea of the little flag staff  
more firmly; it turns in its socket, and I am  
compelled to trust to my hold on the  
bars of the cowcatcher. I do not know  
how long I can endure this. I almost  
feel that I may faint. A village is in  
sight! Do we stop? Yes, for our en-  
gineer gives a loud whistle, the brakes are  
put down, the wheels turn more slowly;  
we come to a standstill. I leap off the  
engine and seek the engineer. "How  
far have we traveled since I got on to  
the engine?" "Eight miles," is the  
reply.

### An Affecting Reunion.

David Barber, of West Bloomfield,  
called at the Detroit police station, the  
Press says, and said that he was in the  
city for the purpose of finding a dog  
which had been stolen from him two or  
three days previously by a colored man  
who was at work for one of Mr. Barber's  
neighbors. The officers at the station  
gave a description of the dog and prom-  
ised to try to find him, and Mr. Barber  
said that he should stay in the city  
until his search was successful.  
Two days after Mr. Barber returned to  
the station apparently very much dis-  
couraged, and had been there but a short  
time when he saw a roundsman coming  
down the avenue leading the lost canine.  
He arose quickly and stepped to the  
front door, where he stood with tears in  
his eyes, watching the approach of the  
dog, who, when about one hundred feet  
of the station, saw and recognized his  
master. With a powerful and lightning-  
like spring he broke away from the offi-  
cer, and the next instant master and dog  
were showering each other with man-  
ner of affectionate caresses, totally un-  
conscious of the presence of a dozen offi-  
cers. When the meeting had resolved  
itself into comparative quiet, it was seen  
that not only were tears coursing down  
Mr. Barber's cheeks, but the dog was  
actually shedding tears of joy.  
Upon being questioned as to the reason  
of his extraordinary affection for a dog,  
Mr. Barber related the following story:  
"Three years ago this dog and my  
boy, then three years old, went together  
to Straight lake, a short distance from  
my home, and while there my boy  
climbed into a boat that lay upon the  
beach. In their sport the boat became  
loose and floated away with the boy. The  
dog did not see the boat and its load un-  
til quite a distance from shore, when he  
immediately jumped into the lake and  
swam after him. He was none too soon,  
for when the boat was about twenty rods  
from the shore it capsized, and my boy  
was thrown into the water. He had  
sunk twice when myself and several  
neighbors who had gathered on the  
beach saw this dog seize the boy by the  
shoulder in such a way as to hold his  
head high above the water. Then he  
swam toward us. He approached steady-  
ly, but we became impatient and waded  
out as far as possible to meet them.  
When he reached us the boy was not  
only carried ashore, but strong arms  
lifted the dog and carried him also. Do  
you wonder now that I love him?"

### Defenses of Constantinople.

Col. Valentine Baker has made a  
careful report presenting the outlines of  
a plan for defending Constantinople on  
the land side. Few cities in the world  
are so well situated for defense as Con-  
stantinople. A properly equipped ter-  
restrial system, with both movable and  
stationary torpedoes, supplemented by  
ironclads, could make it impregnable to  
the fleets of Europe, while its land ap-  
proaches may be engineering skill be  
made obstacles against which armies  
might long dash in vain. If Russia  
makes war with Turkey she will find the  
capture of Constantinople by means of  
arms likely to be beyond her power, es-  
pecially as England could not submit to  
the czar's planting his flag in the Bos-  
phorus.

### THE CHARMERS OF HINDOOSTAN.

Marvels that a French Traveler Says that  
he Witnessed in the East.  
Many of these Hindoo jugglers who  
live in the silence of the pagodas per-  
form feats far surpassing the prestidigi-  
tations of Robert Houdin, and there are  
many others who in magnetism and most  
curious phenomena in magnetism and  
catapulte upon the first objects that  
come across their way, that I have often  
wondered whether the brahmins with  
their occult sciences have not made  
great discoveries in the questions which  
have recently been agitated in Europe.  
On one occasion while I and others  
were in a cafe with Sir Maxwell, he or-  
dered his dobochy to introduce the  
charmer. In a few moments lean Hin-  
doo, almost naked, with an ascetic face  
and bronzed color, entered. Around his  
neck, arms, thighs and body were col-  
lected serpents of different sizes. After sal-  
uting us, he said: "God be with you, I  
am Chibh-Chondor, son of Chibh-Gont-  
nald."  
"We desire to see what you can do,"  
said our host.  
"I obey the orders of Siva, who has  
sent me here," replied the fakir, squat-  
ting down upon one of the marble  
s'abs.  
The serpents raised their heads and  
hissed, but without showing any anger.  
Then taking a small pipe, attached to a  
wick in his hair, he produced scarcely  
audible sounds imitating the *talapapa*,  
a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts.  
Here the serpents uncoiled them-  
selves, and one after another glided to  
the ground, as soon as they touched the  
ground they raised about one-third of  
their bodies, and began to keep time to  
their master's music. Suddenly the fakir  
dropped his instrument and made  
several passes with his hands over the  
serpents, of whom there were about ten,  
all of the most deadly cobra species of  
India. His eye assumed a strange ex-  
pression. We all felt an indefinable  
uneasiness, and sought to turn away  
our gaze from him. At this moment a  
small shocra, whose business was to  
hand fire in a small brazier for lighting  
cigars, yielded to his influence, lay  
down, and fell asleep. Five minutes  
passed thus, and we felt that if the ma-  
nipulations were to continue a few sec-  
onds more we should all fall asleep.  
Chondor then rose, and making two  
more passes over the shocra, said to it:  
"Give the commander some fire." The  
young serpent rose, and without totter-  
ing came and offered fire to its master.  
It was pinched, pulled about, till there  
was no doubt of its being actually  
asleep. Nor would it move from Sir  
Maxwell's side till ordered to do so by  
the fakir.  
We then examined the other cobras.  
Paralyzed by magnetic influence, they  
lay at full length on the ground. On  
taking them up we found them stiff as  
sticks. They were in a state of com-  
plete catalepsy. The fakir then awak-  
ened them, and they then returned to  
their bodies, and again coiled round his  
body. On asking us if he could make  
us feel his influence, he made a few  
passes over our legs, and instantly we  
lost the use of these limbs; we could not  
leave our seats. He then released us as  
easily as he had paralyzed us.  
Chibh-Chondor closed his séance by  
experimenting upon inanimate objects.  
By mere passes with his hands in the  
direction of the object to be acted upon,  
and without leaving his seat, he pal-  
ed and extinguished lights in the furthest  
parts of the room, moved the furniture,  
including the divans upon which we were  
seated, opened closed doors. Catching  
sight of a Hindoo who was drawing  
water from a well in the garden, he  
made him suddenly stop in his descent,  
resisting all the efforts of the astonished  
gardener. With another pass the rope  
again descended.  
I asked Chibh-Chondor: "Do you  
employ the same means in acting upon  
inanimate objects that you do upon liv-  
ing creatures?"  
He replied: "I have only one  
means."  
"What is it?"  
"The will. Man, who is the result  
of all intellectual and material forces, must  
dominate over all. The brahmins know  
nothing besides this."

### Boys and Their Mothers.

Some one has written beautifully to  
the boys in the following manner. Here  
is a whole sermon in a few sentences:  
Of all the love affairs in the world, none  
can surpass the true love of the big boy  
for his mother. It is a pure love, not  
honorable in the highest degree  
to both. I do not mean a dutiful affec-  
tion. I mean a love which makes a boy  
gallant and courteous to his mother,  
saying to everybody that he is fairly in  
love with her. Next to the love of a  
husband, nothing so crowns a woman's  
life with honor as this second love, this  
devotion of a son to her. And I never  
yet knew a boy to "turn out bad" who  
began by falling in love with his moth-  
er. Any man may fall in love with a  
fresh faced girl, and the man who is  
gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect  
the worn and weary life. But the boy  
who is a lover to his mother in her mid-  
dle age is a true knight who will love  
as in the daisy springtime.

### Raising a Panic.

A few evenings ago, among the pass-  
engers who returned to Easton from the  
Centennial, were a number of ladies.  
From that place, one of whom had pur-  
chased a good sized toy balloon. An  
Easton paper says: When she alighted  
from the train at this place the crowd  
was so great that she was jammed in,  
and another lady was pushed against the  
balloon, when it burst with a loud noise.  
The lady who had caused the explosion  
fell into the arms of a companion and  
declared that she had been shot. Her  
cries attracted the attention of the  
male passengers, who fearing that some  
one indeed had fired a pistol, became  
much excited, and for a while it  
was feared that the rush to get out of  
the cars would result in some one getting  
trampled under foot. The cause of the  
alarm was finally explained, and the  
supposed wounded lady was escorted to  
her home without delay.

### In a Scientific Way.

The following extracts from Professor  
Draper's lecture summarize some of the  
achievements of the United States in the  
way of science: We have sent out ex-  
peditions of exploration both to the  
Arctic and Antarctic seas. We have  
submitted our own coast to a hydro-  
graphic and geodesic survey not ex-  
celled in exactness and extent by any  
similar works elsewhere. In the ac-  
complishment of this we have been com-  
pelled to solve many physical problems  
of the greatest delicacy and highest im-  
portance, and we have done it success-  
fully. The measuring rods with which  
the three great base lines of Maine,  
Long Island and Georgia were deter-  
mined, and their beautiful mechanical  
appliances, have excited the public  
admiration of some of the greatest  
European philosophers and the con-  
duct of that survey their unstinted  
applause. We have instituted geologi-  
cal surveys of many of our States and  
much of our Territories, and have been  
rewarded not merely by manifold local  
benefits, but also by the higher honor  
of extending very greatly the boundaries  
of that noble science. At an enormous  
annual cost we have maintained a  
meteorological signal system which I  
think is not equaled, and certainly is  
not surpassed, in the world. Should it be  
said that selfish interests have been  
mixed up with some of these under-  
takings, we may demand whether there  
was any selfishness in the survey of the  
Dead Sea? Was there any selfishness in  
that mission that a citizen of New York  
sent to equatorial Africa for the finding  
and relief of Livingstone, any in the  
astronomical expedition to South  
America, any in that to the valley of the  
Amazon? Was there any in the send-  
ing out of parties for the observation of  
the total eclipse of the sun? It was by  
American astronomers that the true  
character of his corona was first de-  
termined. Was there any in the seven  
expeditions that were dispatched for ob-  
serving the transit of Venus? Was it  
not here that the bi-partition of Biela's  
comet was first detected, here that the  
eighth satellite of Saturn was discovered,  
here that the dusky ring of that planet,  
which had escaped the great European  
of Herschel and was first seen? Was it  
not by an American telescope that the  
companion of Sirius, the brightest star  
in the heavens, was revealed and the mathe-  
matical prediction of the cause of his  
perturbations verified? Was it not by a  
Yale College professor that the showers  
of shooting stars were first scientifically  
discussed, on the occasion of that  
meteoric phenomenon in 1833? Did we  
not join in the investigations respecting  
terrestrial magnetism instituted by Euro-  
pean governments at the suggestion of  
Humboldt, and contribute our quota to  
the results obtained? Did not the Con-  
gress of the United States vote a money  
grant to carry into effect the invention  
of the electric telegraph? Does not the  
published flora of the United States  
show that something has been done in  
botany? Have not very important in-  
vestigations been made here on the in-  
duction of magnetism in iron, the effect  
of magnetic currents on one another, the  
translation of quality into intensity and  
the converse? Was it not here that the  
radiations of incandescence were first in-  
vestigated, the connection of increasing  
temperature with increasing refrangibil-  
ity shown, the distribution of light,  
heat and chemical activity in the solar  
spectrum ascertained and some of the  
fundamental facts in spectrum analysis  
developed long before general attention  
was given to that subject in Europe?  
Here the first photograph of the moon  
was taken, here the first of the diffrac-  
tion spectrum was produced, here the  
first portraits of the human face were  
made—an experiment that has given  
rise to an important industrial art!

### Puts his Foot Down.

Thomas Carlyle, in a recent conver-  
sation with an American gentleman, took  
occasion, in a very concise but emphatic  
way, to express his opinion of Darwin  
and the men who adopt his views. Said  
he: "A good sort of man is this Dar-  
win, and well meaning, but with very  
little intellect. Ah, it's sad and terri-  
ble thing to see nigh a whole generation  
of men and women, professing to be  
cultivated, looking around in a purblind  
fashion and finding no God in this uni-  
verse. I suppose it is a reaction from  
the reign of cant and hollow pretense,  
professing to believe what in fact they  
do not believe. And this is what we  
have got to. All things from frog  
spawn: the gospel of dirt the order of  
the day. The older I grow—and I now  
stand upon the brink of eternity—the  
more comes back to me the sentence in  
the catechism, which I learned when a  
child, and the sullen and deeper its  
meaning becomes: "To glorify God, and  
enjoy Him forever." No gospel of dirt,  
teaching that men have descended from  
frogs through monkeys, can ever set  
that aside."

### The Centennial Exhibition.

The attendance at the Centennial Ex-  
hibition, compared with international  
exhibitions of other countries, shows the  
following:

Year.	Place.	Number of Visitors.	Receipts, Dollars.
1851	London	6,039,195	\$2,530,000
1855	Paris	5,122,380	640,500
1862	London	6,211,103	2,860,000
1867	Paris	10,009,000	2,822,933
1873	Vienne	7,254,687	2,000,000
1876	Philadelphia	9,907,125	3,850,000

An important fact in connection with  
the above showing is that the aggregate  
population within seven days' travel of  
the Centennial Exhibition does not ex-  
ceed 45,000,000, while the aggregate  
population within seven days' travel of  
either of the other great exhibitions was  
not far short of 200,000,000.

### Very Greasy.

The latest London industry is the col-  
lection of oleaginous deposits in the mud  
of the Thames. It is quite profitable,  
the mud gatherers making three shil-  
lings and sixpence a day. Small globes  
made of cork and lined with hair are  
planted in the mud at low tide and the  
fatty substances in the water adhere to  
them. This miscellaneous grease is  
manufactured into fresh butter for the  
London market.

### What a Noted Judge Says.

A reporter interviewed Chief Justice  
Church, of the supreme court of New  
York, on the great question of the day.  
"I have always apprehended," said  
Judge C., "that the greatest source of  
danger to the peace of the country would  
be the counting of the Presidential vote  
after a close canvass. The danger seems  
to me to be in the machinery of the pre-  
sidential electoral system."  
"Is there a better way to elect the  
President? Have you any sympathy  
with the notion of a popular vote?"  
"Not the least."  
"Why?"  
"It would be contrary to the genius,  
the structure of our institutions. It  
would tend to obliterate State outlines,  
to erase the rights of the minority, to  
concentrate and consolidate the govern-  
ment. These are things we ought ever  
to avoid."  
"How about an electoral district sys-  
tem—a system dividing each State into  
electoral districts similar to Congres-  
sional districts, and letting the people  
of every district vote for their own sepa-  
rate Presidential elector?"  
"That would have a similar effect—to  
obliterate State divisions, to dwarf States,  
to prevent them from acting as units.  
I should oppose anything which had a  
tendency to detract from the dignity of  
the several States and thus to magnify  
the influence upon States of the general  
government, whose sufficient functions  
are defined in the Constitution. It is a  
curious fact," continued the chief jus-  
tice, "that every great national distur-  
bance has been produced by the inter-  
vention of the Federal government in  
affairs which concerned States. The  
United States bank disturbance, the  
nullification disturbance, were cases in  
point. So, when the South demanded  
that Congress should decide the ques-  
tion of extending slavery into the Terri-  
tories. So, when Congress, at the beak  
of the North, undertook to adjudicate  
upon the slavery and other questions,  
the decision of which properly rested  
with each State by itself."  
"The South forgot its doctrine of  
State rights when it thus applied to  
Congress?"  
"Yes, or had not then formulated it."  
"Have you, then, no idea in your  
own mind of a better system of electing  
the President and Vice-President?"  
"An idea, yes. But I have not con-  
sidered the subject thoroughly in the  
light of present circumstances. My  
opinion is that it would be an improve-  
ment to allow each State to vote by itself  
directly for the candidates for President  
and Vice-President, instead of for elec-  
tors as now. This would do away with  
the existing electoral machinery."  
"The vote of each State, when finally  
counted, to appear by the majority on  
one side or the other, as the vote of that  
State?"  
"Yes."  
"This for the reason that the States'  
autonomy as such would be preserved in  
the election, while by a popular vote, or  
practically a general election irrespec-  
tive of States?"  
"Yes."

### A Venomous Beast.

There are but four venomous beasts  
among the fauna of the United States.  
These are the rattlesnake, the copper-  
head, the moccasin and the Spitz dog,  
and of the four, the latter is by far the  
most aggressive and deadly in his hos-  
tility to man. Were any of our citizens,  
says an exchange, to insist upon keep-  
ing pet rattlesnakes, and permitting  
them to run at large in the streets, the  
law would soon convince them of the  
propriety of wearing their affections  
upon less dangerous pets. But the law,  
with what is now seen to be a glaring  
inconsistency, allows every man to keep  
a Spitz, although the bite of the latter is  
far more dangerous than that of the  
former. A rattlesnake's bite can be  
whisked by saturating the system with  
quinine, but there is no cure for the bite  
of the rabid Spitz.

### Foolish Fellows.

The ways of the buffalo as described  
by travelers in the far West are as  
strange as those of the Heathen Chinee.  
If a herd of these animals gets on the  
north side of a track, it will stand  
stupidly gazing, though the locomotive  
passes within a hundred yards of it.  
But if two miles from the track on the  
south side the whole herd is thrown  
into the wildest commotion. Regard-  
less of consequences it will make for  
the track, and if the train is in its way,  
each individual buffalo will go at it  
with the desperation of despair, plunging  
against or between the locomotive and  
the car. There was a notable instance  
of this in the severe winter of 1871-72,  
when the ponds and small rivers were  
frozen solid, and the buffalo was forced  
to the larger rivers for water. The con-  
densation of oleaginous deposits in the  
mud of the Thames. It is quite profitable,  
the mud gatherers making three shil-  
lings and sixpence a day. Small globes  
made of cork and lined with hair are  
planted in the mud at low tide and the  
fatty substances in the water adhere to  
them. This miscellaneous grease is  
manufactured into fresh butter for the  
London market.

### The Sea Serpent.

The interesting specimen in natural  
history, the sea serpent, has been seen  
again, this time between Malacca and  
Penang. The fortunate spectators  
were the officers and passengers of the  
steamship Nestor, who "unanimously  
vouch for the fact." The commander,  
John W. Webster, has published a card  
on the subject, from which I take the  
following account of the serpent:  
Being on the bridge at the time  
(about ten a. m.) with the first and third  
officers we were surprised by the ap-  
pearance of an extraordinary monster  
going on our course, and at an equal  
speed with the vessel, at a distance from  
us of about six hundred feet. It had a  
square head, and a dragon black and  
white striped tail, and an immense body  
which was quite fifty feet broad when  
the monster raised its head. The head  
was about twelve feet broad, and ap-  
peared to be occasionally at the extreme  
about six feet above the water. When  
the head was placed on a level with the  
water, the body was extended to its ut-  
most limit to all appearance, and then  
the body rose out of the water about  
two feet, and seemed quite fifty feet  
broad at those black and white scales  
afterward rose, and an undulating mo-  
tion in which at one time the head, at  
another the body, and eventually the  
tail formed, each in its turn, a promi-  
nent object above the water. The ani-  
mal, or whatever it may be called, ap-  
peared careless of our close proximity,  
and went on our course for about six  
minutes on our starboard side, and then  
finally worked round to our port side,  
and remained in view to the delight of  
all on board, for about half an hour,  
passed.